

## the sanderson sons

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/42434097) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/42434097>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Dream SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Ranboo &amp; Toby Smith   Tubbo &amp; TommyInnit</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson   Philza</a> , <a href="#">Kristin Rosales Watson</a> , <a href="#">Wilbur Soot</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Happy Ending</a> , <a href="#">Historical Inaccuracy</a> , <a href="#">Magic</a> , <a href="#">1690s puritan colonizer outfits were so BORING</a> , <a href="#">the sanderson sisters were right to not be historically accurate</a> , <a href="#">they deserve those fancy dresses</a> , <a href="#">Halloween</a> , <a href="#">Halloween Costumes</a> , <a href="#">Hocus Pocus (1993) References</a> , <a href="#">Inspired by Hocus Pocus (1993)</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Other Additional Tags to Be Added</a> , <a href="#">Witch TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Witch Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">Witch Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">not really but yk</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of <a href="#">DSMP Holiday Fics</a> , Part 3 of <a href="#">deathlessness (the series)</a>
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-26 Completed: 2022-10-31 Words: 11,588 Chapters: 7/7

# the sanderson sons

by [OldeScratch](#)

## Summary

"With her spellbook gone, Mother Sanderson was almost certainly doomed," Wilbur said. "However, she remembered a small handful of spells. One that allowed her to take the lives of children to make her young... children just like the ones here..."

Some of them huddled back to their parents while the braver ones shifted and tried to make it seem coincidental that they moved away from him. Wilbur lifted a hand to a nearby cage covered in a rag.

"But she also remembered a spell that would one day allow her to see her children again. Mother Sanderson bound their departed souls to the black flame candle."

Wilbur whipped the rag off.

He hung it over his arm and carefully lifted off the black-iron cage, revealing a white wax candle with weathered engravings.

"And so, it was set on that day, that should a virgin light this candle on the anniversary of their death, the three souls will return to this plane for one night, and will seek her out to fulfill their duty of serving their mother."

(Or, BenchTrio take the place of the Sanderson Sons and the Dream Team decide to light their candle. Wilbur and Techno get dragged into their mess, because of course they do.)

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# he's a model citizen, through and through!

## Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Oh, Yeah? You Gonna Cry?" by Lovejoy

deathlessness and its christmas special are all ajj-related but since this is more disconnected ill be doing lovejoy, but only pebble brain since this isn't that big of a fic and i was listening to pebble brain earlier so i think that's a sign. the titles rn are wips since this was supposed to go out yesterday brb crying don't look at me

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"The Salem Witch Trials were a series of gruesome murders from 1692 to 1693 that took place in Salem, Massachusetts. Around twenty people were either hanged, or stoned, or burned alive, or otherwise suffocated. One of the most infamous cases of this is the legend of the Sanderson Sons."

The lights dimmed, leaving only the dim orange that shone through fake cobwebs, around wooden pillars, bouncing off glass vials full of god-knows-what. Green shone from the back, highlighting the Puritan-esque figure in a sheen of acid.

"Long ago in Salem, there came reports of witchcraft. Goats were slain in the night and their blood drained, children disappeared from their mother's arms and their life stolen, milk tucked away safely was found curdled come the morning after it was harvested... and of course, the people blamed it on a witch. What else?"

Wilbur let the silence linger, face steely as he glanced around at the wide-eyed children watching him, accompanied by either disinterested or endearingly bored parents who listened for nostalgia's sake.

"Young girls began having nightmares, about walking through the woods and finding a horrid monster living in a shack. They would scream out in their sleep, crying that the witch was trying to lure them in. Hunters who dared enter claimed to have seen figures as tall as trees lying in wait for them, shrouded in dark cloaks and armed with staffs and daggers.

"On All Hallow's Day, 1692, when the baby of the Reverend was found lifeless in its cradle, he'd had enough. He called forth the brave men of the village and ordered them into the forest, with himself leading the charge. And within, they found Mother Sanderson's cottage==this very shack!==and her three sons, whom she employed as servants.

"The three sons' names are not known. There are reports only of Thomas and Charles, with the third one being lost to time. What we do know is that Mother Sanderson, tricky as ever, abandoned them when the villagers showed up, leaving the three to be hung."

Distant shouts that startled some of the kids echoed from the hidden speakers.

"Later on, she returned to her cottage, just feet away from where we are now, to find her sons still strung up, and her book stolen. Her book contained all of her spells, gifted to her by the Devil himself. This here be that very book, waiting for its master to return..."

Wilbur turned his gaze to a glass box, within which lay a book bound in human flesh and placed neatly atop a holder. Flames and lightning struck from the speakers, the lights in the box flicking on to highlight it.

"With her spellbook gone, Mother Sanderson was almost certainly doomed," Wilbur said. "However, she remembered a small handful of spells. One that allowed her to take the lives of children to make her young... children just like the ones here..."

Some of them huddled back to their parents while the braver ones shifted and tried to make it seem coincidental that they moved away from him. Wilbur lifted a hand to a nearby cage covered in a rag.

"But she also remembered a spell that would one day allow her to see her children again. Mother Sanderson bound their departed souls to the black flame candle."

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"And so, it was set on that day, that should a virgin light this candle on the anniversary of their death, the three souls will return to this plane for one night, and will seek her out to fulfill their duty of serving their mother."

He placed the cage back over the candle, but he left the rag on his arm.

"I'd be careful if I were any of you," Wilbur said widely, grinning down at the children. "After all, Halloween is tomorrow. It's not that hard to light a candle. And you're just the ages that would make a *perfect sacrifice* for Mother Sanderson."

A witch's cackle rang out from the speakers (recorded by Kristen), causing a couple screams.

The lights turned back on, and Wilbur gave a small bow. "Please, feel free to look around, just don't touch! Nothing is for sale! You've got about ten minutes before the tour continues."

With that, Wilbur cleared his throat and stuffed the rag in his pocket in preparation for the next group. He picked up the sign that he'd stowed away for the show and placed it where he was standing, displaying in large lettering "*SHOW WILL BEGIN SHORTLY. PLEASE BE PATIENT. :)*".

Some of the parents picked up their children, floorboards under their feet creaking with the shift in weight. A few of them departed from their parents to peer around at the shelves filled

with goopy liquids in potion bottles, others beelining to the candle or the book, or the self-stirring cauldron with about fifty "*DO NOT DRINK*" stickers on it.

Wilbur sniffed and ran a hand through his hair.

"Papa, what's a virgin?"

The dad in question seemed to halt, shifting his weight around as he avoided his curious child's gaze. "Uhhh..."

"A virgin is someone who has never eaten candy," Wilbur said loudly, catching a few peoples' attention. "For those who have never heard of it before. Have a good night, everyone."

There were a few chuckles, a few childlike "*ohhh*"s, and one very relieved look sent his way.

---

"You should put us on something other than speaker duty," Dream said to Wilbur as they were taking stock of everything to ensure there had been no sticky fingers. "We narrate a paranormal channel, we'd be great at it."

Wilbur finished counting the glass eyes in a box and clicked when he found one missing. As he poured them back into their rightful place, he replied, "No, your style of narration is more detached. It's informational, y'know? This is pure entertainment."

"Oh, look, I found Charles." George==almost blending into the house, dressed in a dark hoodie and matching jeans==held up the plastic skull they'd bought a week ago, which Sapnap threw a fake spider at him for. "Ow."

"What do you mean *ow*?" Sapnap threw another at him, the sleeve of his white sweatshirt falling with the movement. "That's *plastic*, Gogy."

George threw them both back at Sapnap with a vengeance, and Sapnap hooked them both back onto the fake spiderweb.

"Hey, Wilbur," Dream began, rolling up the sleeves of his green jacket, "I forgot to ask, where did you get the book and candle? They look super detailed."

Wilbur propped the lid of the fake eyes up and stood. "Huh? Oh, uh... guess we've always had them. Phil's family must've gotten them custom-made a long time ago, cause even Phil didn't know."

"Ooh, what if it's *the* book and candle?" George asked, setting Charles' skull back down. "Who here's a virgin?"

Dream gestured to the candle with a laugh. "Be my guest, Sapnap."

"Dude, *fuck you*."

"Light the candle first, virgin."

Sapnap threw a spider at him.

The door swung open with a loud *THUD*!

Backlit by the moon, a figure dressed in a long, thick, black robe loomed at the doorway, a hood draping over their face to cover it.

Their scythe glinted, the staff of it almost as tall as them, the blade long and jagged.

The face beneath it moved, pale white peering up at them, and==!

"Phil made us a pizza," Techno called to them, one hand coming out to brace the door open, his face covered in white and black face paint in the shape of a skull. "It'll get cold soon."

"Are you scoring us back home, Mr. Reaper?" Wilbur asked, picking up a tattered pink rag to polish off a few bottles that had fingerprints on them.

"Nope, ye've gotta brave the forest alone. Phil 'n Kristen just left for the show, and I want the first slice."

"Wha==I didn't even get to wish them luck!" Wilbur protested.

"L, get faster at cleanin'. And don't forget to close the curtains when you're done." The cloaked figure closed the door and set to walking back to the entrance to the property.

---

"*Five bucks says one of you won't light that candle*," Sapnap said quietly as Wilbur hurried ahead of them, looking very comical as he half-ran through the forest in a Puritan costume.

Dream and George grinned to each other.

"*Ten bucks says you're too much of a chicken*," Dream whispered back, putting out a hand.

"*You're on, man*." Sapnap quietly clasped their palms together and gave a firm shake.

keep in mind this is NOT the house from deathlessness, since this is technically a standalone fic. which means more ascii maps. however, my brain doesn't like that, so instead im embedding an image. it's in dark mode bc i didn't wanna burn ur eyes



[here's a bigger version of it in case u can't read it](#) but i forgot to add the windows to the Sanderson house in this one so just note there's two on each long side on the bottom floor, and one above the middle bed on the second

also this is prob the last dsmp/mcyt in general thing ill write so enjoy it while it lasts

edit: omfg i forgot a bathroom so pretend that there's a bathroom underneath the stairs accessible from the kitchen, and the door to the basement is accessed from the front door area, where it runs parallel to the stairs to the second floor, and that the extra space that all makes is a balcony u can get to thru the big room on the right

# you know we talk about all the dumb shit you do

## Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Oh, Yeah? You Gonna Cry?" by Lovejoy

was gonna do "you're just scaaaared" from model buses bc i didn't want two songs beside each other, but no i think we deserve to talk abt the dumb shit dteam do in this chpater

"Did you get the key?"

"Yeah, yeah, I got the key." George fished it out of his pocket and shivered. "It's fucking cold out here. Halloween shouldn't be so cold."

"The weather didn't like my sexy Minion costume," Sapnap said as George fumbled with the lock.

"Dude," Dream chuckled, "*no one* likes your sexy Minion costume."

"The internet would."

"You can't post *that* on the internet!" George pushed the door open with his shoulder. "It's made for women, first of all!"

"Are you saying I can't look nice on Halloween, George?" Sapnap stepped in and shook his head. "Slut-shaming at its finest."

Dream pulled a lighter out of his pocket and shut the door behind them. "Go light the candle, virgin."

Sapnap took the lighter. "Shut up, loser. You just don't wanna do it 'cause you and George have already gotten freaky."

George hit his arm. "Don't say that! You're such an idiot, Sapnap."

"Can't see shit in here." Dream took out his phone after a moment and turned on the flashlight, flicking it around to the darkened room. "Why do they cover the windows at night? Not like moonlight'll summon Mother Sanderson."

Sapnap made his way up to the candle, squinting in the dark. He gestured Dream over, whose flashlight directed itself to where he was looking. "Y'all ever get a good look at this candle?"



"Looks like it's already been melted," George said, stepping on a board that creaked loudly beneath him. Dream did the same, the wood almost warning him to stay off. "Someone must've lit it without being a virgin."

"There's hanging boys there," Dream said, pointing out a carving of three boys hanging, the middle one the shortest. His finger traveled farther up, landing on some furry creature with gargoyle wings and arms. "And there's the Devil, I guess."

"That's a book, I think." George set the key down on a nearby shelf and pointed towards something obscured by the melted wax. "And, uh... no, can't make that one out."

Sapnap flicked the lighter a few times to get the flame going. He looked to George and Dream.

Dream turned the flashlight off.

Sapnap hesitantly raised the flame to the wick.

The wick caught fire, and Sapnap brought the candle away.

A tiny flame danced on the wick, swishing side to side.

"Not even a black flame," Sapnap said disappointed. "All this effort and they can't even make the flame black."

"What, do you want them to just summon the Amaterasu every time someone lights the candle?" Dream asked.

There was a *fwish* sound.

All eyes turned to the candle, whose flame had gone the color of an eclipse.

The three were silent.

Green light flashed through the floorboards before intensifying, the planks rattling.

The three of them began to let out a collection of shouts, scrambling for the door.

Glasses clinked, dangerously loud, wringing themselves around on the shelves and threatening to fall over.

"*Why is it locked?!"*

Gut-wrenching screams echoed in their ears, begging and pleading for mercy==

"*The key, George==!"*

One soared above the rest, calling for someone to be pushed==

"*==not working=="*

There was a scuffle, came a series throaty *gurks*, one accompanied by a crack, all joining up in a crescendo that got lesser with each one.

Green faded to moonlight blue.

The cabin fell into *silence*.

George's throat bobbed silently. Dream's wide eyes stared at the door before them, unseeing, all attention focused on his ears.

Sapnap risked a glance behind them.

He sighed out a silent breath of relief. "*We're safe*," he whispered to the other two. "*it's over*."

George glared at him, terrified. "*If it's over, then why are you whispering?!* "

"*Why are you?!* " Sapnap shot back, earning them each a silent nudge from Dream.

Dream was silent for a moment longer. His eyes flicked to the ceiling, above which lay the storeroom, and the old beds they kept pushed to one side of the room for pictures, sealed behind a thick rope.

There was a quiet sound, unplaceable and distant, unrecognizable.

"*Open the door*," Dream instructed George, eyes locked on the staircase, which was blocked by another piece of rope, with a paper that dictated the stairs as employees only.

George reached into his pocket. He felt around for a moment.

He looked to the key, only a few feet away.

"*Idiot*," Sapnap hissed.

"*Which ones are the creaky ones?* " George asked, glancing around the floorboards. He shuffled forward, eyes wide as he tried to place where one plank ended and the other began in the dark.

There was another sound above that sounded like a scuffle.

Something placed itself delicately just above their heads.

"*George, get the key*," Dream urged.

"*I'm trying*," he snapped.

More patters echoed from above them, quiet and small.

"*George*," Sapnap seethed.

"*Shut up!*" he took a big step, trying to arc over the creaky boards. He placed his foot down==

*CRRRRRRRRRRRRKKKKKK.*

"Fuck," said Dream.

A voice called from the top floor: "*Who is it?*"

George grabbed the key and made for the door, only to pause.

"*Why are you stopping?!*" Sarnap demanded.

"*That sounded like a kid.*"

"*What?*"

"Who's there?" Dream called up, stepping away from the door. "How'd you get in here?"

There were some murmurs.

A different voice called down again this time, this one deeper: "We haue come hither in our Youthe and liv'd here with our Mother. Who are you?"

"The door was locked, how did you get in?" Dream asked again. "What do you want?"

A third voice came: "We aske for our Mother."

George began fumbling with the lock, trying to get it open. "We don't have your mother!"

The first one called again: "Then be gone! Or we will put a Curse on ye!"

With a vicious crack of thunder, the door flung open and the three of them *ran*.

The door creaked on the floor below, letting in the sound of panicked shouts and the breeze.

"*Are they gone?*"

One long leg stretched itself over the ropes before it set itself down on the other side. The other followed, and their owner released their cloak. They crept towards the dark opening of the staircase, moving past crates and other assorted props before descending.

The other two lay in wait, stood by the beds they'd woken in and huddled close.

"'Tis safe."

The other two let out sighs, crossing over the rope and dropping their own cloaks down to the floor and trudging down the stairs.

First to arrive at the bottom was a brunet in a green cloak with gold trim, with a black, almost purple, tunic with a dirtied white collar. From his hips lay shorts a forest green that might have once puffed out, but now hung sadly about his calves. Dark green extended down the rest of his shins, disappearing into black shoes with gilded buckles on the top. A belt trapped his waist, around which hung an empty leather sheath for a small weapon like a dagger.

Behind him came another figure, this one significantly taller, a blob of blond hair looming over him, just long enough for the curls to stick up like horns. Across his shoulders, he'd brushed back a bright red capelet that tied about his neck, reaching to his elbows. This one had a dull orange tunic and a deep purple-red vest that was shorter on one side. The sleeves just barely reached his wrists, leaving dirt-covered hands out in the open. Gray shorts brushed his legs, the ends bordered by white cloth. His knees and shins were exposed to the air, feet bare.

The three turned their gaze to the third, who was even taller than the blond. He started with his back turned to the others, revealing only brown hair and a deep purple cloak that reached the backs of his knees. When he turned, they could see the faded pink of his tunic, the sleeves of which barely reached his elbows. The deep red shorts he wore barely reached his knees, revealing that he, too, wore no socks or shoes, and his feet were nothing more than brown smudges.

"Your mask!" gasped the small one, looking around. "'Tis gone!"

"Damn those men to Hell and back!" exclaimed the one in pink with blond hair, glaring about at the room around them. "They had us hanged, did they not!"

"Hell is too good for them," spat the tallest. He shook his head. "Let us not waste Time cursing th' Damned. The Candle of Black Flame hath been lit. We haue till the Sun shows to find Mother."

There was a collective sigh, followed by a wistful "*Mother...*"

"It hath been three hundred years," said the short one. "Three hundred an' thirty. We must make great Haste!"

The tallest sighed. "Could they not wait three more?"

"How are We to find Book?" asked the blond helplessly.

The short one looked around. "Is *that* not Book?"

All eyes looked to the glass box, within which lie Book.

The tallest stepped closer, floor creaking behind him. "I could not feel Him."

"Perhaps the Glass is enchant'd." The short one stepped closer and stood on his tiptoes to get a better angle before he tapped. "Book? Oh, Boo-*ook*." he added, voice dropping suddenly in the middle as he drew it out.

Book did not reply.

*tap-tap-tap*

This time it shifted higher, pitch questioning: "Booooo-oooook...?"

The blond looked around the back. He scratched at his face before reaching out and trying to lift up the glass box. When it did not budge he grumbled. "'Tis heavy."

The three each hooked their fingers along the edges, two bracing their palms against the glass. They counted to three together and hefted it up, the taller two moving towards the shorter to help him place it down.

All three turned to Book.

It did not move.

They shared a look.

"Book?" beckoned the tallest, stepping closer to hunch over the pedestal. He glared down at it suspiciously. "Boo-ook."

The blond yanked the book towards him, causing its stand to clatter to the ground. He opened the latch and pried it open, revealing empty pages.

The book fell to the ground with its stand, bouncing viciously from where it had been thrown.

"'Tis a *fake*!"

Lightning flashed through the house, highlighting the eyes of the three angry boys.

# and were so *\*calm\** but we're FUCKING SCARED, FUCKING SCARED

## Chapter Notes

chapter title from "The Fall" by Lovejoy

info on how im deciphering late 1600s english in the end notes

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Soot-Watson family lived in a modest house near the woods of Salem, on their own property. Its exterior boasted brickwork and creeping vines, two stories tall with a chimney that connected to a genuine fireplace in the basement, where most time was spent. A collection of stones led from the dirt path to the front door, only a few steps above the ground.

Fake cobwebs hung about the walls, accompanied by fake graves with names such as *My Hopes and Dreams* and *Drew P. Weiner*. A mannequin hang from one of the nearby trees that lined the clearing the home was in, along with a sign that read *WITCHES BEWARE*.

Outside stood a very unentertained Wilbur, on his phone and waiting patiently in a heavy yellow sweater and blue jeans. Beside him was Techno, equally unamused, dressed similarly in red rather than yellow, looking over his shoulder. He wondered if Techno really enjoyed watching him play Geoguesser that much, or if he was just bored.

When Dream, Sapnap, and George came running out of the woods from the thin path that lead from the house to the cabin, Wilbur fixed them with an unimpressed look. Before they could even stop before him and get a word out, he called: "Very nice of you to put saran wrap in the door and party poppers when you hit the tripwire."

"*Wilbur!*" Dream gasped, grabbing him by the shoulders. "Holy shit, man, holy *shit*=="

Techno added, "Thank you for also puttin' fake cobweb so thin you can't see it hangin' from the fan. That was, uh, very fun to clean up."

"The witches==" Sapnap gasped. "The candle=="

"We lit the candle!" George explained in pants. "We lit==then in the second stor==story==the witches=="

The two were not amused.

Dream caught his breath. "There was green light, and rumbling, and shouting, and then we heard==we heard kids' voices above us==but, like, teenager kids, and they talked like they were

from *The Crucible*."

Sapnap wrinkled his nose at him. "No one in *The Crucible* said *hither*."

They were still not amused.

"Well, we weren't there for long," George said, "but==but they had this weird accent."

They seemed even less amused.

"Listen," Wilbur began, "you're very funny, but literally no part of me would ever believe this. That story's just a bunch of hocus pocus."

Lightning flashed in the distance again, making the four flinch, Wilbur less so than the other three.

"They==" Sapnap swallowed. "They said they'd curse us, and it flashed earlier."

"They?" Techno repeated, quirking a brow.

"The Sanderson Sons!" George said again, grabbing at Sapnap's pocket to get the lighter. "We lit the candle, almost got dragged to Hell, they talked funny, summoned lightning==how are you not getting this?"

"There were *people* in there?!" Wilbur demanded. "And you didn't chase them out?!"

"They're the Sons!" Dream shouted, shaking him lightly. "Wilbur, we're not lying! You *know* when we're lying!"

Wilbur's gaze flicked between the three.

Techno sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

Wilbur continued staring at the three, realization slowly dawning on him that, as good of actors that the three of them were, there was still always that level of *pretend* that he could pinpoint immediately, that level of *laugh with us*, that level of *of course we wouldn't do dumb shit like this...*

He couldn't find it.

Wilbur looked to Techno, who was already staring at him.

They looked back at the other three.

Sapnap gestured to the forest.

"Okay, listen," Wilbur began, rubbing one of his eyes, "I... seriously doubt that you lit a candle and people... magically appeared. So, what we're do, is were gonna go back there, right? We're gonna see what they took, alright? And we're gonna tell Phil..."

"That ya forgot to lock it," Techno continued, "went back for a thing, and whatever's missin' was stolen. Y'steal the keys to the shack every year, it's not that weird."

---

*"Spooky, scary, skeletons=="*

Phil heard his phone beep, almost silent despite the fact that they were backstage. He adjusted the flesh-bound book in his arms and pulled out his phone.

*"=down your spine!"*

*Shrieking skulls=="*

Kristin adjusted her giant witch hat, fluffed out her intricate black dress, and stood straighter, eyes glued onto the large mirror she and a few other cast members stood before, others bustling about to keep the show going. She took a deep breath and smiled, satisfied.

"They stole the keys again," Phil helpfully told her.

Kristin shook her head good-naturedly. "Well, at least they didn't steal my book, huh?" She smiled down at the book, which didn't move because it was a book.

*"=shock your soul=="*

Phil rolled his eyes and tucked his phone back away.

*"Seal your doom tonight!"*

---

"They're probably after that book," Sapnap rushed out, stepping quickly to keep up with Wilbur and Techno, who strode through the forest with steely gazes. "The one in the glass case==it's locked, right?"

"Oh, *please* tell me it's locked," George begged, nearly running.

Dream, who had the easiest time keeping in step with the two, marched along at Techno's side. "I can't believe you'd even keep that in the damn case! Do you know how much money that would go for?!"

"It's not the real thing!" Wilbur shot, not even bothering to glare at Dream. "We're not that stupid. Kristin's had it locked up in the attic for ages. She treasures that more than her life."



"Same reason she never leaves Salem," Techno said. He sniffed. "She hates leavin' it at home for multiple days, but she hates bringin' it on a plane more."

Dream stopped. "Wait, it's at home?"

Wilbur and Techno continued, silent. Their feet crunched the leaves below them, shoulders squared and jaws set.

George and Sapnap halted beside him, both slightly out of breath.

"It's at their house," Sapnap said.

Dream glanced between the two, then back towards where they'd come from, then at Techno and Wilbur, moving farther away with every second.

George shifted, obviously antsy.

"Okay," Dream said, "I'll go with Techno and Wilbur. You two head back to the house, find the book, and prepare some kind of trap. Okay?"

Sapnap and George were already running.

---

"Book is truly not here?" asked the short one in green, face pinched as he arrived back on the bottom of the stairs, having searched the upstairs already. "Tommy?"

The blond shook his head, knelt before a large cobweb. He stood with a groan and looked over to the side. "Um. Ranboo, what are you doing?"

Ranboo, the tallest dressed in pinks and purples, stood on his tip-toes, fingers searching about the rafters. After a moment, he gasped and grabbed something, brandishing it towards his brothers. "My lucky rat tail!"

The other two shared an equal part confused and slightly off-put look.

"I haue found this." The short one brandished a cloth mask, one side white, one side blue, with bands to go around the ears. Everyone who's reading this knows what that looks like. "Let it suffice, for it is all We can find."

Ranboo placed his rat tail securely back where he'd found it and crossed the room to take it. He took it, gave it a sniff, and put it on. After a moment, he took it off, turned it upside down, put it back on, and bent it to conform to his nose. "It will suffice. Thank ye, Tubbo."

Tubbo nodded. "Good." He pointedly stepped on the fake book that still lay on the floor, crossing over to the window. "Let us show Mother the Book of Lies when We find Her. For now, We will call for Book."

"Well, the door's shut." Wilbur swiped a hand over his nose, finally slowing in his march to the cabin when they arrived at the side, two walls in plain view where they stood. "And we can't see in through the windows." He finally stopped near a tree, at the edge of the clearing where the small path to their house met the path, just beside a large tree that tilted heavily, one root arcing out of the ground, surrounded in thick bushes.

"Well, if you didn't close the curtains," Dream muttered, him and Techno stopping beside Wilbur, "you wouldn't have that issue."

Techno fixed him with a look.

Dream turned his head away. "Sorry."

Techno shook his head and squinted at the cabin. "You *did* close the curtains when you left, right?"

Wilbur wrinkled his nose at him. "Of course we did, or Kristin would have our heads."

"Then why're they open?"

"*What?!*" Wilbur stepped closer to Techno. "Oh my fucking god. Did you guys open the curtains?"

Dream glared at him. "We were too busy not being dragged into Hell, if you missed that part."

The curtains shut.

"Oh, fuck, they're still in there." Wilbur pushed at Techno, who made for the tree root and crouched behind it. Wilbur and Dream followed, eyes on the window.

Techno looked around. "Where'd the other two go?"

"Sent 'em back to protect the book," Dream answered plainly.

Wilbur turned a *furious* look towards Dream. "I swear to god, if we go home and find salt circles and burning incense when you *know* I can barely handle fucking candles--"

"We don't have time to get *incense!*" Dream proclaimed, wide eyes staring at Wilbur. He looked away. "... I can't promise anything about the salt."

Something *slammed*.

Techno remained still, the other two flinching. They all sunk further beneath the root.

Out strode a figure in green, their pale features lit by the moon, which had risen by now to illuminate the cold grass. They had brown hair and some sort of cloak about their shoulders.

Next followed a blond about Techno's height, that ducked through the door, wearing darker shades with a red capelet and purple and gray shorts. After was another brunet, seemingly taller than Wilbur, wearing pale pink with a purple cape billowing about their knees. The taller wore a cloth mask over the lower half of their face.

"*Why are there cosplayers in our cabin?!*" Wilbur whisper-shouted at Dream while the tallest closed the door behind them.

Techno shrugged a shoulder. "*You know that one guy who got lost in Rome, and when a researcher found them where they weren't supposed to be, they spoke Latin, and walked away with no consequences cause the researcher just assumed they belonged there?*"

Wilbur elbowed him.

"Brothers," spoke the short one, turning around to face the other two. "Look at the Moon."

The two turned their gazes up. "Uh," said the tallest, "'tis the Moon."

"'Tis almost mid-night!" the short one exclaimed. "We haue searcht for too long!"

"*You two prepare to run,*" Dream whispered, seemingly readying himself to stand.

Techno shook his head at him.

"Well, 'tis not Our fault Book was elsewhere," said the blond.

Dream took a deep breath.

"I hope Book is nearby," said the tallest, "for it will be Troublesome for Us if Mother be far."

Dream suddenly stood and stepped out from behind the root. "Hey!"

All eyes turned to him.

"Your mother isn't here," he said while the two taller crept to either side of the shorter. "And her book's being guarded by some of the greatest hunters in modern society."

The blond scoffed. "And what will they do? Hang us again?"

Tittering, the three shifted closer to one another.

The short one sobered the quickest, with the tallest continuing to giggle until the blond reached over and nudged his arm. "And who art *thou*?"

"I won't give a witch my name," Dream snarled.

He quirked a brow. The blond glanced at his companions. The tallest tilted his head.

Wilbur pinched the bridge of his nose. He stood and fixed the four of them with an unamused look. "Alright, that's enough. You three can't be here afterhours, it's private

property. I'm going to have to ask you to return anything you took and leave."

Dream sent them a panicked look.

"What a Strange accent, Tubbo," said the tallest.

"Yes, how Strange," agreed the blond, grinning up at Wilbur. "I think I'd like to Mimic it."

The short one, Tubbo, reached to his side and pulled out a pouch. "I think so, too."

Wilbur heard Techno stand beside him, and Wilbur stepped over the root. "Yes, yes, witchcraft, very nice==can you go home now?"

"Tubbo," said the blond, "I don't think he believes Us."

Tubbo reached in and pulled out a pile of some sort of ash. "I don't think so, either."

"We can keep this all between ourselves, just=="

Tubbo gave a short huff, and the powder in his hand dispersed in one quick movement, engulfing Wilbur in what started as a cloud of gray but quickly evolved into blazing green fire.

Wait, what?

Wilbur could see the flames licking at his clothes, stinging at his eyes. He blinked to clear them, only to begin gasping for air as something began pulling at his throat. He swatted at the fire, moving back to get away, his throat *convulsing* as something *pulled==*

He fell backwards.

His back ached from where it had hit the ground, his legs scrambling to write him as his chest shuddered, trying to take in air. Tears spring to his eyes as he gasped for breath, practically coughing his lungs out.

"*Fuck==*" he gasped, feeling the tugging at his throat disappear with the last bits of the fire. "*Fucking==I believe you==holy fuck==*" He pushed himself over, clambering to his feet and booking it back to the house.

"Wilbur, what==?!" Techno yelled, running after him.

Cackles echoed through the forest while Dream joined their sprint.

"*Lead Us to Book!*" commanded a voice carried by the wind, now molding its words like Wilbur despite it very much not being his voice. "*Lead Us to Mother!*"

("But Mother said not to use Her Powder," Ranboo said as Tubbo hurriedly put it back around his waist. "Except for in emergencies.")

"We will get more," Tubbo said in the same strange accent the man had been speaking in. "And now, they will lead Us to Book."

"Make Haste!" Tommy urged in a similar accent, taking off after the other three. "We cannot lose them!")

## Chapter End Notes

1600s rules are so bs i referenced "Brief Lives" by John Aubury and "The inhumane cardinal, or, Innocence betray'd: a novel" by Mary Pix for spelling and shit and i learned so much so here's a list for anyone wondering what rules im using for them:

- vs were used for v and u sounds bc u was very hard to carve into stone. by colonial times, i think that there was the rule that us were used in the middle of sentences between two vowels, and vs for any other u sounds or at the start of words. eventually, us were allowed to be capitalized, but i don't have a time frame for that. idk if "haue" is correct, but vs and us were sorta tossed around a lot and it confused me :( sorry if its not right i can always fix it
- lots of nouns were capitalized. like every other noun.
- thou fell out of practice around the end of the Elizabethan era (1603-ish?) bc it was seen as rude. "you" was taken from the french "nous", which refers to someone formally or multiple people. "thou" was seen as rude because it was informal, and it could be misconstrued as u talking down to someone even if they're of similar or higher rank than you. "thou" was only used for friends and family, but that fell out of practice. benchtrio use "thou" to mock/demean others bc mother sanderson was probably around when "thou" was common
- one source said that hither/thither/yon/yonder fell out of use in the 80s (like... 1980s) so i just assume that they were common. hither is "here", thither is "there", yon is like "that", yonder is "there, but farther". so "come hither", idk how to use thither bc it sounds weird to me, "yon hill", and "over yonder"
- anyone else remember that wander over yonder show that ran for like two weeks (not really) and gave us that one song abt blowing up planets? speaking of two week runtimes, anyone remember mighty magiswords? i liked that show it was fun. good fodder to get kids into gacha systems. what about breadwinners? i hated the only episode i ever saw bc the humor was so immature even for me but idk if anyone else remembered it. im getting off topic
- i ALWAYS ctrl+f any words im not sure bt would use and most of the time i can find them.
- not really sure what to do abt -ed or -'d, but my general rule is "see what The Documents have to say abt it. if they say nothing, test out both pronunciations and go with whatever feels better". for those confused by how they sound similar, take the words enchanted and dreamed. no one says dream-ed, so it would be written as "dream'd". enchanted, however, has the -ed sound, so u wouldn't use an apostrophe. ive also seen them just use -t instead of -ed or -'d, so

- "Then to a Courtesan, who dwelt in the Julian-street, he gave, to satisfy his Lust but once, a Thousand Crowns; not to mention the more than Brutal Passion he hath oft had for his own Sex." gay people.
- idk the difference between hath/had/have/be im so sorry but i came up w the rule that hath is for something that happened in the past, has is for something that happened repeatedly/is ongoing, have is hypothetical, and be is for guesswork. altho now that i think more abt the courtesan quote the more im thinking that i mixed up hath and had. sorry. i couldn't find any sources on that.
- 1600s english is literally So extra, they can't say "he paid a woman to have sex with him to help his horniness, but don't get me wrong, that guy loved dick" they gotta say the whole damn nine yards.
- i and j were also under debate for some time but for simplicity's sake im not gonna fuck with it and just hope that they were sorted out by the 1650s

^ feel free to use those notes for ur own fics, "Brief Lives" and "The inhumane cardinal" are both online for free, but i can link them next chapter if u want me to. I chose Brief Lives bc Aubury was shit at writing essays, but good at compiling info, so Brief Lives is literally just his writing like someone taking notes in the 1600s (aka writing informally) would talk. The version i used had both a picture of the document and a transcript. I chose The inhumane cardinal bc it was the first thing i could find a good transcription of.

# the boys must be lucky that you didn't try out here tonight

## Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Model Buses" by Lovejoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur didn't stop running until his lungs finally gave out and sent him to his knees, gasping for air.

Someone ran past him, calling back something Wilbur couldn't make out.

Hands grabbed at his head, helping pull him up off the ground so he wasn't swiping his hair into the dirt.

"*Wilbur==re fine==get th==*"

Wilbur couldn't fucking *breathe* .

Whoever had pulled him up grabbed at his pockets, discarding what he thought might have been his phone. They muttered something before digging into his jean pockets, letting out a sigh.

Something pressed itself to Wilbur's mouth in the spaces between his stuttered breaths.

There was a click.

A gush of mist sprayed his throat, forcing the muscles to relax.

His throat *ached* as he breathed, burning in his chest and heart beating like a seismograph in the middle of an earthquake.

Wilbur slumped against the other person, hands shaky.

They clicked the button again, releasing another spray of mist.

"Wilbur," gasped what was unmistakably Techno's voice, "I know you almost died there, but I can see them coming."

Wilbur would have cursed if he wasn't on the verge of passing out. After a moment, he forced his jelly legs to work and pulled himself up, leaning heavily on Techno, who scrambled to stand.

Techno passed the inhaler to him and began to pull him along, silently urging him to *fucking move*.

Wilbur picked up speed at some point, a mantra running through his head of *don't stop don't stop keep going don't stop*.

He felt the inhaler disappear from his hand at some point.

They came across a blurry figure in green, then the two were supporting Wilbur's weight between them both, heaving him through their backdoor and propping him against a wall.

The green one shoved something into his mouth and unleashed another spray that relaxed his throat. Wilbur coughed instinctually, head rolling from lack of oxygen before he let his eyes shut.

"Did he just pass out?!" Dream demanded as Techno caught him before he fell to the side.

"Uh," Techno said, "yep." He took the inhaler from Dream and adjusted his position, getting more comfortable and putting a hand to Wilbur's neck to monitor his pulse.

Dream let out an exhale that was the nonverbal equivalent of *jesus fucking christ*.

"*Dream?*" someone called from the second story.

"We're here, Sap!" Dream called back. "Witches are on their way! Wilbur's just, uh... having some issues."

"Did you *run* all the way here?!" Footsteps began to tramp down the stairs, followed by a shocked George peering into the throughway from past the kitchen.

---

"Where did they go?!" Tommy cried as they slowed on the path, looking about. "We made so much Haste!"

"'Tis likely they followed th' path," Tubbo said. His face pinched and he stopped. "Or perhaps 'twas a trick..."

Ranboo continued walking, eyes glued to something before them. "Brothers, do you see... that Strange object?"

The two followed behind him, circling about the shiny rectangle he had found.

Tubbo hummed. "Is't a sign to continue?"

"You did command them to lead Us to Book," Tommy pointed out. "Perhaps the Powder made them drop it."



Ranboo swooped down to pick up the strange object. "Perhaps there is more, then!" He tilted the shiny object towards himself and let out a *woah*. "I can see myself!"

Tubbo and Tommy gathered at his side, and he crouched partially to show them.

With a gasp, Tubbo smacked a hand over the face of it, taking it from Ranboo's hand and covering it. "'Tis a Black Mirror, fool!" Tubbo turned to Tommy and dropped it into a pocket in his shorts. "Mother warns Us away from Black Water, and Mirrors allow Sight past Our World. What could a Black Mirror mean?"

Ranboo hummed. "Does it mean danger?"

Tubbo nodded. "Exactly!"

"If the Mirror is dangerous," Tommy said, "why have you put it in my Pocket?"

Tubbo ignored him. "We will follow the path, assuming this is the way the Powder is telling us is Correct. Let us continue." He began to stride forward, Ranboo and Tommy falling into step at either side.

---

When Wilbur's eyes opened and he had caught his breath, he was filled in on the situation.

Sapnap and George had set up a trap in the attic, where they found Kristin's book along with a backlog of extra candles and herbs set up by the window. They refused to go into detail, but Wilbur had a sneaking suspicion it included dumping salt everywhere.

"C'mon, we can find you guys hiding places," Sapnap urged, already making for the doorway. "We'll trap them, and we can take turns watching them. It's just 'til sunlight, right?"

---

"Ooh, another object!"

Tubbo grabbed at Ranboo's arm and pulled him back. "Do not touch it! If they can drop a Black Mirror, who knows what sort of contraption this is!"

Tommy stepped up to it carefully. "'Tis a==a pipe? A small pipe."

Tubbo plucked it up from the ground by the large center bit. He narrowed his eyes at it before he dropped it and shied away. "'Tis *wet*."

Ranboo wrinkled his nose behind his mask. "Did they lick it?"

"If they licked it, then it is theirs," Tommy added.

Tubbo stepped around it. "Ignore it, then. We will continue."

---

Wilbur found himself hiding in a dark corner of the attic, placed amongst boxes that smelled faintly of old parchment. Techno had nestled in beside him, both having had a collection of boxes placed before them—light enough for them to move in the case of an emergency, but big enough to make it hard to see them.

Dream and Sapnap and George had set themselves up near the center of the attic, just out of sight of the moonlight from the window, which showcased very plainly the half-circle of salt they had dumped out, just before where Kristin's book lay on a table.

*"I'm going to kill them,"* Wilbur vowed quietly to Techno.

*"Not if I do it first,"* Techno whispered back.

---

"Look!" Ranboo called, pointing out ahead of them.

"Did you find another object?" Tubbo asked.

"No, 'tis a house!"

His words rang true, as Tubbo found when he stood on his tiptoes and squinted.

"I believe," said Tommy, "that that is where Book is."

The three made their way to the house, finding it in a clearing. The house itself was brick, with a chimney and a larger path of dirt than the one they'd been following.

Ranboo shuffled closer to Tubbo, and Tubbo looked to see what he'd laid eyes upon.

A skeleton hung from a nearby tree, bones rattling from where it swung lightly. Beside it was a wooden side, within which was carved " *WITCHES BEWARE* ".

"Tubbo..." Tommy began.

Tubbo put a hand out to grab his wrist. "We will be safe. Into the house."

## Chapter End Notes

went out as saiki and kaidou from saiki k for trunk or treating with a friend (yes even tho im almost an Adult, stfu) i (saiki) got recognized twice (once by someone who said "hi, saiki!" and someone else who told me not to cheat at a game by using telekinesis) and them not at all so i think that's a loss for kaidou enjoyers and a win for me  
will update tmw and on halloween abt if we get recognized

is it cheating if telekinesis is just part of his being even if no one else can do it? i think its discrimination smh /j

# **i can still smell her perfume!**

## Chapter Notes

chapter title from "Perfume" by Lovejoy

Tubbo lead them bravely towards the first door he saw, which was up a few steps from the ground. He stalked across the grass, arms hooked with Tommy's and Ranboo's, who bent over to fit snugly beside him.

They arrived at the short set of stairs.

Tubbo unhooked himself from the other two.

He ascended them.

He narrowed his eyes at the glass he was greeted to.

"'Tis lock'd," Ranboo said. "There is a barrier."

Tubbo squinted at the glass, eyes roaming for any sort of indication of how to bypass the seal.

"The hunters have magic now?" Tommy asked, glancing around the clearing at the circlet of stone that fenced them in. "Could the stone circle be a trap?"

Tubbo caught sight of a sort of handle, and he reached out and pulled it.

The seal rattled.

Tubbo's eyes narrowed even more.

"Careful," Ranboo warned.

Tubbo removed his hand and poked at a button-like thing at the top of the handle. He took the handle back and pressed his thumb into it, then pulled.

The barrier swung open, Tubbo himself stepping back to allow it to pass him.

He heard two gasps behind him.

"Tubbo, you're so smart," Tommy complimented as one of them held open the barrier.

Tubbo reached for what he assumed was the handle and twisted it, then pushed inwards.

The wooden door gave way, and opened into a small room with tile floors and an array of shoes.

Tubbo lead them in, and the door shut behind them. He crossed further past the thoroughfare, into another tiled room with cupboards and a central table with three stool-like things. While Ranboo and Tommy glanced around, Tubbo continued to the next room, with strangely smooth wooden floors and bed-like thrones sitting before another, giant black mirror.

He ushered them through the next open doorway, which showed another thoroughfare like the one from before and a staircase leading up to a dark hall.

Ranboo and Tommy gathered behind him, looking up into the shadow.

"Ranboo," he spoke. "You go first."

---

"*This is insane*," Wilbur muttered to Techno after they'd sat in silence for what felt like hours. "*This is actually insane*."

"*Is salt really gonna stop them?*" Techno asked.

Wilbur shook his head and reached for his pocket. "*I'm gonna call Phil and Kristin, they'll know what to do*." He reached into his other pocket. He felt around his pants pockets. "*Fuck*."

Techno's shoulders slumped. "*You're jokin'*."

Wilbur facepalmed.

"*I can go get mine from my room*," Techno said, easing his way up. "*Hang on*."

Techno heard a collection of angry whispers as he crept his way to the trapdoor leading to the attic, which had been left open to tempt in the witches.

He prepared to descend the ladder==

"*you go first*"

Techno had never speedwalked so quietly in his life away from something.

Wilbur sent him an angry look when he'd sat back down next to him. "*What the fuck, man?*"

Techno shook his head. "*Witches*."

Then Wilbur heard the creak of the stairs and was no longer upset at Techno.

---

Ranboo approached the staircase hesitantly, seeing nothing but darkness above them. He looked down at the first step, readied himself, looked up, and began to climb.

Tommy followed next while Tubbo took up the back, bundling up his cloak in one arm and palming the bag of powder at his side.

Each step seemed to creak dangerously, two sets of bare feet climbed mostly silently, the third's shoes clacking quietly against the planks.

Ranboo reached behind him nervously as he was about halfway up, and Tommy grabbed the hand without preamble.

They continued.

Tubbo's eyes glued themselves to the corner at the top of the stairs.

Ranboo slowed as he arrived at the top, the other two matching his pace.

Tubbo's throat bobbed.

Ranboo skipped the last step and whipped around the corner, letting out a loud "*en grade!*" and disappearing from view

Tommy ran up after him, stopping at the corner. The tension in his shoulders deflated.

With his jaw set, Tubbo stomped up the last few steps and pushed past Tommy, finding a very confused Ranboo in the center of a hallway with three doors and a ladder.

Tubbo blinked a few times for his eyes to adjust, but he saw no sort of danger. He took a step towards the ladder. Then another.

Then he was looking up into the third story of the house, dust swirling about in the moonlight.

Oh, this was a trap.

... probably.

... definitely?

"Do you think this is a trap?" Tubbo asked them, just to be safe.

"Yes," said Tommy.

"Almost certainly," said Ranboo.

Tubbo nodded. "That's what I thought." He reached behind him for Ranboo and pulled him towards the ladder. "You first."

Ranboo sent him a hesitant glance as Tubbo shuffled away, and he almost felt bad, but then he remembered that Ranboo was the most intimidating one out of all of them along with having the most strength, and then he felt less bad. Kinda.

The first step creaked beneath his weight as his sole made contact and his weight shifted.

Ranboo braced himself against the ladder.

He took the second.

Then the third.

Fourth.

Fifth.

He stepped into the attic, disappearing from view of the trapdoor.

Tubbo gestured Tommy up the stairs, and he followed after when he heard neither screams nor shouts.

This story had a slanted roof that split itself down the middle, one window in the roof shining moonlight down into the room. It made visible a collection of boxes in either corner, with many shelves and desks lining out a workspace in a rectangular shape. Up against the far wall was a circular window, not unlike the one that resided above his own bed back at their cottage.

Tubbo looked over his shoulder, confronted with the profound feeling they were being watched.

"Book?" asked Tommy, catching Tubbo's attention.

Sat before them, on the most obviously placed table, was Book.

Tubbo narrowed his eyes. He took a few slow steps towards it, Ranboo and Tommy at either side.

His heels clicked against the ground, accompanied by the quiet thuds of bare feet.

He reached out for Book==

"Now!"

Twin yelps escaped Ranboo and Tommy as they grabbed for Tubbo, who whipped around to see who had shouted that.

Two people darted out from behind two of the shelves, accompanied by someone in green stepping out from behind some boxes and positioning themselves opposite the three of them, a good distance away from the opening.

The other two who'd rushed out straightened up, seemingly satisfied. They each grinned at each other and adjusted whatever was in their hands.

Tubbo looked at the floor, finding a trail of white grains that criss-crossed against the floor. He looked behind him to see a similar line between him and the table, likely having been there the whole time.

Wilbur stood as the three witches looked about curiously, confused and perhaps disoriented.

Techno got up as well, leading them out from behind the boxes.

"Salt?" guessed the blond, face scrunched like he was trying to decipher the last math problem on his homework.

The tallest winced. "Ooh, that will not be fun to clean up."

"Yep," Wilbur agreed, sending a pointed glare to a slightly-guilty Dream. "Good thing I'm not the one doing it."

Dream chuckled nervously, eyeing the salt and likely thinking of all the excuses he could use later to get them out of cleaning it.

"Well," said Sapnap, "looks like you three are trapped now."

The three blinked over at him.

"Salt is said to fend off evil," Sapnap explained cockily. "You can't cross through a whole line of it! And your candle runs out by morning... ish. So, good luck!"

They blinked again.

A grin began to spread across the short one's face.

Wilbur felt his heart drop.

"I think you've forgotten something," said the one in green while the other two matched his dangerous expression.

Wilbur grabbed at Techno with one hand, the other reaching for his collar in case they let forth another billow of green fire-powder.

He grabbed for the bag at his hip and took a step back, crossing over the salt, at the same time his brothers stepped forward, stepping over the grains with ease.



"We're not witches!"

The green one tossed the bag up and turned on his heel, grabbing for the book. He flicked it open and knelt to look inside.

The other two floundered in a grab for the bag, ending with the blond taking it and reaching in.

George made for them==

"Uh==*let us go!*"

Wilbur fell to his knees in his attempt to shield himself, face burying itself in his collar.

Tommy blew the powder out of his hand like he'd seen Tubbo do, hoping he hadn't needed to channel his will into it before he let it go.

His first thought was *oh, that's too much* followed by *oh, fuck, that's way too much, oh shit.*

"Nice job, Tommy," Tubbo said, Book in his arms, "you gave them asthma."

Tommy handed the bag sheepishly back to Tubbo.

Tubbo didn't even bother to clip it back to his belt, rushing into the smoky remnants for the exit. "Hurry, go! Outside!"

Tommy followed without a second thought, Ranboo on his heels.

# what kind of pressure do they put on you?

## Chapter Notes

chapter title from "You'll Understand When You're Older" by Lovejoy

[no cws]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"So!" Ranboo said as they made for the door to the outside. "We have Book now, correct?"

"Then we will run amok through Salem!" Tommy cheered.

Ranboo cheered and began hopping about and swaying as he hurried after them. "Oh, amok, amok, amok, amok!"

"Nope!" Tubbo chirped back. "But they think we do!"

"So==" Tommy nearly tripped over himself. "What now?"

The grin on Tubbo's face was absolutely murderous.

"We call for Book," he explained, practically tearing open the door, "find Mother=="

He ran out, the other two following.

"==then *slaughter them!*"

---

Wilbur couldn't breathe.

Well, no, he could, but his friends were busy hacking and choking on the smoke that he could *smell* outside his hoodie. He heard, vaguely, footsteps running down the stairs and a door yank open, along with shouting that was muffled by his friends' dying coughs.

Not *actually* dying.

Hopefully.

... What the *fuck* just happened...?

---

The three arranged themselves in a triangle near the stone fence along the edges of the clearing. The fake book lay on the fence, mere feet away.

They shared a look.

Then, in harmony, they took a deep breath==

"Boo-ooooooooooooook=="

---

Kristin grinned as she stepped onto the stage, book in her arms. "Thank you, Jack," she drawled, balancing it on one hand while she fixed Jack==dressed in a few layers of clothes to protect against the Salem cold==with a smirk, "for that *marvelous* introduction."

There was a cheer from the crowd as the edges of her dress brushed the ground, intricate lace flashing in the spotlights.

Jack looked *terrified*.

Then the book in her hands flung itself open, upsetting the balance.

Kristin tried to keep her cool as she caught it, swooping it up before her like the movement had been practiced.

Her eyes went wide as dinner plates when a bolt of light sprang forth from the pages, piercing through the air and up to the ceiling, likely through to the sky itself.

Jack seemed very confused.

Kristin smiled again, trying to ignore how her heart sped up, racing, while her hands threatened to shake. She held the now-alight book out to her side, showing it off. She sang:

"*I put a spell on you!*"

The crowd *roared*.

"*And now, you're mine!*"

She moved around onstage a bit, wielding the book like you would a tray, sure to keep the beam angled up.

*"You can't stop the things I do..."*

*I ain't lyyyyin'..."*

The previous singer—her stage name being Derivakat—chuckled and clapped Jack on the shoulder. "Good joke, man!" she chirped.

"No, no, no—wait—"

---

When the coughing finally died down, Wilbur thought for certain one of them would have suffocated.

A hand landed on his shoulder. "*Wilbur*—" Techno interrupted himself with a cough. He cleared his throat. "Smoke's gone."

Wilbur took a deep breath and peeked his head out.

Dream and Sapnap and George were also buried in their various sweaters, chests stuttering and coughing dryly. Above him, Techno was only getting over the aftershocks, eyes watery and voice raspy.

Wilbur stood, looking around for any traces of green fire-smoke.

His eyes locked on the circular window across from them.

"Fuck," Dream grunted before he coughed again harshly, then wiped away tears. "Feel like my thro-hoats—" He erupted into coughing again, inhales long and shaky like his throat were closing.

"Water," Sapnap begged from behind his sweater before he sniffed and coughed again.

"Guys," Wilbur said.

George tried to inhale, only to double over with the next cough that shook his entire body, spit catching on his inhale and making him choke momentarily.

*"Guys."*

The urgency must have caught their attention, because everyone, with teary eyes and shaking hands, looked to him.

They followed his gaze.

"That's not suppo-hosed to be the-here." George coughed again.

A blade of golden light pierced the sky, thin, but certainly apparent against the inky darkness of the night.

"Go," Wilbur urged, a pit of dread settling in his stomach. He looked at his friends, who seemed to freeze like deer in headlights. "*GO!*"

"*We'll take my car!*" Dream rushed out as he made for the ladder, practically falling down it in his scramble.

"Isn't that at the visitor's entrance?" George asked.

"You have legs!" Sapnap gave him a little shove.

---

Thick soles, calloused from years in the forest, slapped against the harsh ground. They accented the *click-clack-click-clack* of the worn heels running alongside them.

Two cloaks flowed out behind them, whipping about in the wind. A capelet joined the two, arms pumping beneath it to help run faster.

Leaves crunched beneath their feet, shouts and yells escaping passerbys as they sprinted, dodging around people and flying past house after house.

---

"*I put a spell on you...*"

Kristin couldn't help but grin as she heard the backup dancers (the swoosh of vampire robes, the drag of zombie feet, the plastic chains of a damned soul) prepare to run onstage.

"*And noooowwww!*

*yoooouuuu're!*

*MIIIIIINE!"*

The three ran onto the stage, running amok as Kristin placed her book carefully on top of an unused section of the piano after getting a nod from the pianist that she could.

---

Dream twisted the key into the ignition, breathing so heavily he thought he was gonna pass out.

Wilbur slumped over in the passenger's chair, Techno and Sapnap and George collapsing into themselves in the backseat.

Dream swerved the car around so fast Wilbur almost fell out, his door still open.

Their doors barely managed to close before he was peeling out of the driveway.

"Fuck," Dream cursed. "Wilbur==Wilbur, keep an eye==on the==the light."

Wilbur seemed to still be catching his breath. He coughed but nodded. "*Yeah.*"

"Don't kill anyone," Sapnap struggled out. "Trick-or-treaters are out."

---

*"Damn kids!"*

*"Watch where you're going!"*

*"Fuckers!"*

---

*"Your wretched lives!*

*have all been cursed!*

*'Cause out of all witches working!"*

Kristin grinned.

*"==I'm the worst!*

*I put a spell on youuu!*

*And noww you're miiine!"*

The other three lined up beside her and a step back, chanting: "*Watch out! Watch out! Watch out! Watch out!*"

Kristin scrambled her position within the other three, who bustled around her before fixing themselves in order.

*"If you don't believe=="*

---

"Why==" Techno's breath caught. "Why are we goin' to the hall? Where Kristin's performin'?"

"She brought the book with her," Wilbur snapped back.

"No==" Techno cleared his throat. "I mean why are we followin' a giant beam of light *to* the hall?"

Wilbur didn't have an answer for him.

---

*"I put a spell on you..."*

*I put a spell on youuuuuuu..."*

---

Tubbo slowed as they approached the looming brick building with a roof the color of the night sky. His chest heaved while the other two stopped beside him, looking up at it.

"Do you hear... music?" Ranboo asked.

Tommy tilted his head. "... yeah."

Tubbo looked around. He cautiously approached a large set of doors framed in black. "Come, brothers," he murmured. "Mother must be inside."

---

Their car screeched to a halt as they pulled into the parking lot, unknowingly catching the attention of three not-witches about to enter.

"Get out," Dream instructed hastily. "I'll go park. Hurry!"

The other four scrambled out of the car, waiting for Dream to hurry away before turning to the building, seeing the door just barely close.

---

They shuffled through the empty hallway through the large open doorway where the, admittedly very loud music was coming from.

Their eyes landed on the beam of light, then on the woman in black singing on the stage.

Tubbo gasped.

The door behind them jerked open.

*"Ah say into pi=="*

Ranboo grabbed their arms and yanked them into the crowd, away from the four people who had just began stomping towards them.

*"=alpha maybe upendi!"*

*"Get back here!"*

Tommy felt himself step on someone's shoe.

The crowd repeated, swelling and chanting:

*"Ah say into pi=="*

The three ran through the crowd, the other four hot on their trail. A series of insulted sounds escaped the people they inadvertently shoved to get past.

*"=alpha maybe upendi!"*

*"Sorry=="*

*"Fuck off!"*

*"In comma coriyama!"*

*"In comma=="*



"Ow!"

"==riyama!"

"Hey!"

"Hey!"

"==ck's sak=="

"Say!"

"Say!"

"Bye-byyyyee=="

"Damn kid!"

The three arrived near the front, eyes turned helplessly up at the woman in black, who was mid-note.

She caught their eye.

Her gaze flicked to the wall.

They made to follow.

"Where are they going?!" George shouted over the music.

"Go==" Wilbur yelled back, shouldering past Kakashi and a guy in some bee armor to follow where he saw six and a half feet of three-hundred-year-old child ducking into the door that lead to a hallway containing an emergency exit and the door to backstage.

---

"Stop!"

The three let out a matching trio of squawks as they were practically tackled.

Wilbur's arms captured the tallest, nearly bringing both of them down with the force.

Techno grabbed for the blond's wrist, kicking his leg out and pulling upwards, making him let out a sharp yell.

George hooked his own arms under the shortest's armpits, trapping him against his chest and hopefully stopping from grabbing for the bag of powder.

"Unhand us!" demanded the tallest, wriggling in Wilbur's grip.

The blond let out a choked sound, face screwing up as his shoulder pulled.

The one in green cursed at George, heels stamping painfully at George's feet to get him to let go.

"Where's Sapnap?" Wilbur gritted out. "I could use an extra pair of hands here=="

He gave a particularly nasty tug, nearly bashing Wilbur's nose in the process.

"Lost him in the crowd," George guessed. He rustled the one he had around a bit. "Could you stop that?! My feet are gonna be too swollen to get out of my shoes!"

"Good!" he bit back.

"Get them outta the hallway," Techno instructed. "Don't let anyone see them=="

"Boys?" came Kristin's voice, carrying with her the glowing book where she appeared in the doorway. "What on *earth* are you doing?"

## Chapter End Notes

i couldnt think of how to rewrite the superstitious line so i just avoided it

final chapter coming in an hour or so :D

# 'cause it's somewhere warm to sleep

## Chapter Notes

chapter title from "It's All Futile! It's All Pointless!" by Lovejoy

[no cws]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Kristin, keep the book away from them!" Wilbur managed out. "They're the Sanderson sons, from the candle=="

"*Mother, help!*" cried Tommy, face screwed up in a grimace.

"*Book!*" called Ranboo, pushing against the binds Wilbur had him in.

"We lit the candle==" George hissed. "*Stop!* Ow! They==*fuck*==they just showed up upstairs=="

"These loathly fools tricked us!" interrupted Tubbo. "They had copies of Book=="

Kristin shut the book with a sharp *thud!* causing them to fall silent as the light sealed itself within its pages. "Alright," she said. "First of all, let them go."

"*What?*" Techno asked.

Kristin fixed him with a look.

Silently, the three let them go.

Without a moment to spare, the boys rushed for Kristin.

"*No==!*" Wilbur yelped, reaching out again, only for his fingers to clip the capelet.

The three clambered for Kristin, chattering "*mother*" over and over again while she smiled at them, reaching up to ruffle their hair or wipe smears of dirt off their faces, cooing at them.

Wilbur looked to Techno and George, who were just as confused.

Kristin heaved a sigh as the three stopped in place. "Oh, boys, I missed you so much..."

"We missed you, too, Mother," Ranboo promised, voice soft as he stared down at her.

"Mother, I had to use some of your Powder," Tubbo said, reaching for the bag. "I'm sorry, it was an emergency, promise."

"I might have used a bit too much..." Tommy mumbled.

"Don't worry about that," Kristin said, brushing aside the bag. "I'm just glad you used it, rather than not."

Wilbur shook his head. "Sorry, are you, like, possessed?" He took a step back. "Mother Sanderson...?"

Three sets of eyes turned to him, noses wrinkled and gazes *furious*.

"Oh, hush, you three." Kristin batted the air, distracting the three from glaring daggers at them, instead turning puppy dog eyes to Kristin in the hopes they weren't in trouble. "This is going to take a lot of explaining..."

George made for the door. "I'm gonna go find Sapnap and Dream, and we're heading home for the night. This is making my head hurt."

---

"So, lemme get this straight==" Techno pinched the bridge of his nose. "You're actually a nearly-four-hundred-year-old-witch, that book is your spellbook, it's bound in human flesh because you got it from the Devil, and these three are three kids you adopted from a nearby village who kicked them out because they were too tall, and the short one went with them?"

"That's..." Kristin screwed her face up. "Well, I guess that's the simplest way to put it."

"Wait, but==" Wilbur turned to the kids. "But you guys were noted down as being Thomas and Charles and some other third one. Not *Ranboo* and *Tubbo*."

Ranboo raised a hand. "My dad's name was Charles, and he was the one who turned me over to the Reverend when I hit six feet."

"We're both Thomas," Tubbo explained, gesturing to Tommy, "but they always called me Tubbo for some reason."

Tommy looked down at him. "It's cause you said you wanted to make bathtubs when you were older."

Tubbo elbowed him harshly. "Some unknown reason."

Wilbur looked between the three of them. Then back at Techno. Then to Kristin. "Are we meant to be their replacements?"

Kristin blinked. Her head tilted. "Replacements...?"

Ranboo's brows furrowed. "You wouldn't replace us... right?"

Kristin shook her head firmly. "Of course *not*. Just as you three were in need of a home, you two were, as well, and me and Phil took you in, just as I did them three hundred and-a-bit years ago."

"Phil?" Tubbo repeated. "Who's *Phil*?"

Kristin heaved a sigh and dragged a hand over her face.

---

"Who are the children?" Phil asked lightly, confused, as Kristin, Wilbur, Techno, and three strange children made their way over to where he was waiting beside one of the costume racks.

"Your new sons," Kristin replied with a smile.

Phil furrowed his brows and pressed his lips into a thin line. He opened his mouth to ask.

It stayed open for a moment.

He closed it.

"They lit the candle, didn't they?"

Kristin nodded.

Wilbur's head shook swiftly, recalibrating. "Wait, *you* knew?!"

Phil reared back. "Of course I knew! Bit hard to not notice your wife doing witchcraft in the attic and being the sole owner of a whole forest with a legend about a witch attached to it."

Wilbur spluttered.

Phil looked to the three kids, who were staring curiously at him.

Ranboo waved at him. "Hello, Mister Angel of Death."

Phil waved back. "Hello. Why haven't you two got shoes?"

"Cause..." Tommy trailed off, looking between the two of them. "Cause we don't?"

"All three of you are taking showers when we get home," Phil decided, wrinkling his nose. "Wilbur, Techno, I hope whatever you did to chase them down wasn't so heinous you five can't get along, because they're your new brothers."

Wilbur let out a loud, distressed "*huh????!!!!*".

Techno shrugged. "Can't be any worse than havin' Dream as a brother."

---

After the three of them had all had their time to marvel at the shower and the sink and the toilet and the shampoo and the conditioner and had taken their showers, Techno lent some of his clothes to Tubbo and Tommy, both getting black sweatpants while they each got a green and red hoodie. Wilbur lent Ranboo a black hoodie and some gray sweatpants. The rest of them had changed in the meanwhile, all opting for comfier clothes. Shorts and sweatpants and big shirts and comfy sweaters all around.

"This is surreal," Wilbur said as he sunk into the chair across from Kristin, who was beside Tubbo, who was beside Techno, who was being swarmed by the three of them as he showed them his phone.

Phil fished the reheated pizza out of the microwave, yawning. "Mhm. Never thought I'd live to see these three."

"Well," Kristin said, "I could have trapped your spirit in the body of a cat forever, if you died."

Phil shook his head as he rounded the corner to where they were all sat on the couch, offering pizza slices to the three boys, who took them curiously with lots of questions that Techno answered patiently. "I'd rather you not."

Wilbur rubbed his temple. "I've got enough adrenaline in me to not sleep for the next few hours... If you'd just *told* us, maybe we wouldn't have had to chase them down."

"Oh, what's the fun in that?" Kristin asked, taking the last slice for herself. "Besides, you'll be asleep within the next ten minutes, guarantee. And tomorrow, we can all spend some time together, and you can get to know the three of them."

Phil must have noticed the look on his face, because he offered Wilbur a smile. "You got along with Techno well enough, even after he punched your lights out. A chase across Salem can't be all that bad."

Wilbur crossed his arms. "A chase across Salem and an asthma attack cause of that powder you gave them."

Kristin gasped. "Boys! Did you use my powder against Wilbur?"

The three seemed to freeze. They finished the bites of pizza in their mouth and sheepishly looked to Wilbur. In unison, they chimed, "*Sorry*."

"I just had to make sure you didn't try to stop us," Tubbo mumbled. "And there wasn't really another way out of the attic."

"S not like it can kill you, anyways," Tommy offered. "That's the one thing Mother always promised. The powder could *never* kill anybody."

"Yes, but Wilbur didn't know that," Kristin said.

"Sorry," Ranboo said again.

Wilbur rolled his eyes to avoid the puppy-dog looks they were sending him. "Yeah, yeah, alright. I didn't die, so... Oh, shit, my phone."

"Phone...?" Tubbo repeated. "You mean the Black Mirror? I put that in Tommy's pocket."

With an incredulous look, Kristin turned to Tubbo. "Why would you put a Black Mirror in your brother's pocket?"

Tubbo shrugged innocently. "I left the pipe-thing where it was, though. You licked it, so it's yours."

Wilbur was confused for a moment before he gasped. "Right, the inhaler! Fuck. I can get it tomorrow, I'm not going out there."

Techno snorted. "It took you that long to realize? Isn't that, like, kinda important?"

"Fuck off." Wilbur yawned. "I'm tired."

"We oughta show you guys a movie," Phil said. "Hang on, I'll get you some water, and then we can put something on. Kristin, what do you think they'd like."

Kristin's eyebrows raised. "Ooh, I don't know. Wilbur, Techno, what do you guys want to watch."

"What's a movie?" Tommy asked around his piece of pizza.

"It's a bunch of pictures," Techno explained, "played at really high speeds to make it look like they're movin'."

"Ooh, sounds like magic!" Tubbo chirped excitedly.

Wilbur shrugged. "It sort of is, if you don't know what you're doing. How about we watch, uh... *The VVitch*? It'll be familiar to them."

Kristin shook her head firmly. "No horror movies. We'll go with *Coraline* instead, it's much better."

Techno sent her a strange look. "I thought you said no horror movies?"

Kristin shushed him as she polished off her pizza slice and stood to boot up the VCR.

Wilbur fell asleep not ten minutes into the movie while the three kids slumped over onto Techno and each other around the thirty-minute mark. Techno fell asleep sometime after that, small snores barely audible beneath the sound of the other three.

*"Oh, I wish Wilbur was with them, so we could get a picture,"* Phil murmured to Kristin.

Kristin put her hand up, Book floating up into her grasp and flicking open. *"I'm sure I've got a levitation spell in here somewhere..."*

Wilbur threw a fit the next day when he saw a new picture magnetized to the fridge, upset that Tommy was drooling on him.

Tommy told him to get over it, or he'd do it again.

#### Chapter End Notes

i didnt know how to end this so i hope this is good enough

HOPE U GUYS ENJOYED  
HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!!

COMMENT WHAT UR DRESSED UP AS!! im going as saiki from saiki k w my friend as kaidou :]



## End Notes

you know the drill, ill only reply to longer/complex comments or ones w question to avoid the comment section being a bunch of thanks for readings and stuff

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!